

MARVEL

2

EWING
PEPOSE
CHAPMAN
CARRATÙ
LASHLEY
DAVIDSON



EXTREME VENOMVERSE



SOMETHING IS HUNTING VENOMS WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE. While blood spills across the Multiverse, a bevy of unsuspecting symbiotes and their hosts are sitting ducks – as a violent and visceral force seeks to rend them limb from limb in an...

EXTREME VENOMVERSE

FELICIA HARDY IN
**"THE SINISTER SECRET OF
BLACK CAT'S NEW COSTUME!"**
AL EWING writer
VINCENZO CARRATÙ artist
FEDERICO BLEE color artist

LIFE-MODEL VENOM IN
"THE PRISONER"
DAVID PEPOSE writer
KEN LASHLEY artist
CECI DE LA CRUZ color artist

HIERONYMUS SKELTON, THE VENOM OF 1602 IN
"MASQUE OF RED DEATH"
CLAY MCLEOD CHAPMAN writer
PAUL DAVIDSON artist
ALEX GUIMARÃES color artist

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LINDSEY COHICK assistant editor
DEVIN LEWIS editor
C.B. CEBULSKI editor in chief

BAXTER BUILDING LAB #3,
EARTH-258.

FASCINATING!

WHEN
SPIDER-MAN
CAME HERE SEEKING
HELP WITH HIS NEW
BLACK COSTUME,*
EVEN I NEVER SUSPECTED
THAT IT WAS A **SENTIENT**
BEING--A FORM
OF **SYMBIOTE!**

IF WE CAN
LEARN FROM
THIS LITTLE FELLOW...
MAYBE CONVINCE IT TO
REPRODUCE...WHO KNOWS?
UNSTABLE-MOLECULE
UNIFORMS MIGHT
BE **YESTERDAY'S**
FASHION!

*THE EARTH-616 VERSION
OF EVENTS HAPPENED IN
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
#258, VENOM-VIEWERS--
SO WE'RE TELLING THIS
TALE 1984-STYLE!

SPEAKING
OF--IT'S BEEN A
WHILE SINCE JOHNNY
TOOK OUR **OTHER** GUEST
TO FIND A **REPLACEMENT**
COSTUME! I SHOULD
CHECK THAT HE ISN'T
PLAYING SOME
PRANK!

OUR ALIEN
FRIEND SHOULD
BE SAFE IN ITS
TUBE UNTIL I
GET **BACK**...

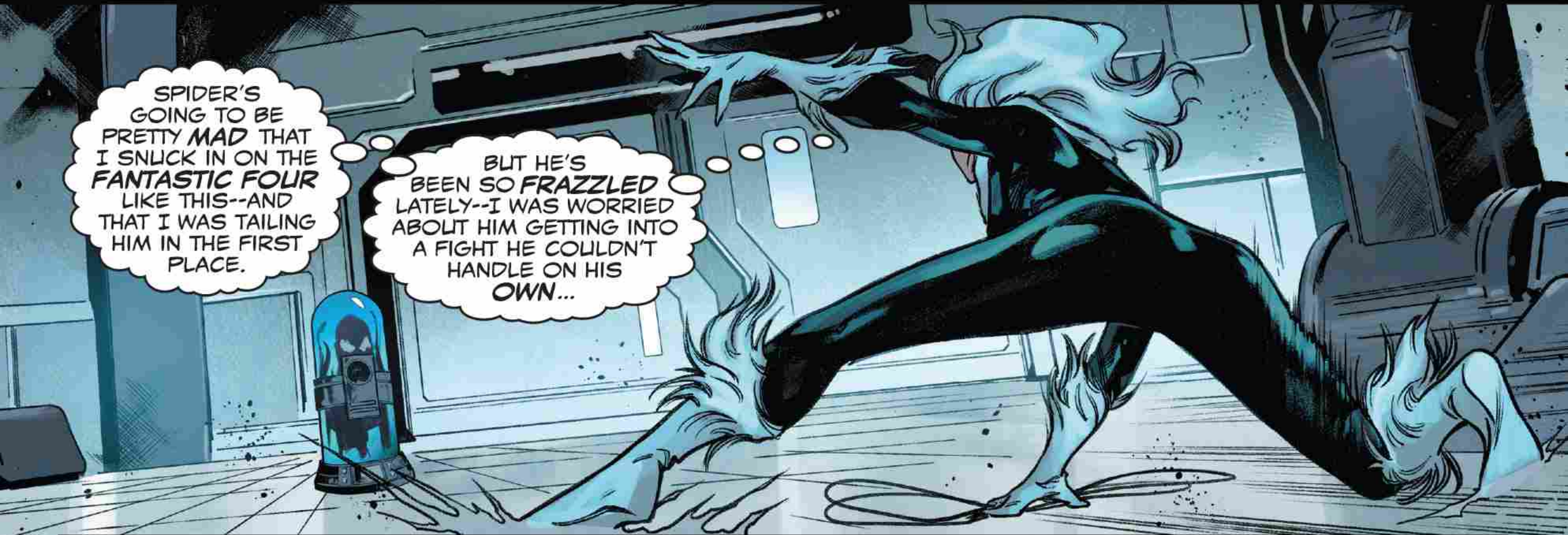
AFTER ALL,
I DESIGNED THE
SECURITY FOR
THIS LAB
MYSELF!

YOU DID,
HUH?



THAT EXPLAINS A LOT! IT WAS FANCY **SCIENCE**--BUT THERE WERE LITTLE OPENINGS SOMEONE WITH A **SECURITY BACKGROUND** WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED--

--AND NEITHER DID I!



SPIDER'S GOING TO BE PRETTY MAD THAT I SNUCK IN ON THE **FANTASTIC FOUR** LIKE THIS--AND THAT I WAS TAILING HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

BUT HE'S BEEN SO **FRAZZLED** LATELY--I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIM GETTING INTO A FIGHT HE COULDN'T HANDLE ON HIS OWN...



...THOUGH I GUESS HE WAS NEVER ON HIS OWN!

A **LIVING COSTUME**--THAT DOES PUT A FEW THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT!



WHEN I BUST IN ON HIM AND THAT "FRIEND" OF HIS, **MARY JANE**, I FIGURED THE **WRITING WAS ON THE WALL** FOR US!

LET'S FACE IT, OUR RELATIONSHIP'S ALWAYS BEEN ON **SHAKY GROUND**...DIFFERENT **WORLDS**, YADA YADA...

...BUT WHEN I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF MY **BIG WALKOUT**--THE OLD "YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME, I'M LEAVING YOU" BIT--

--HE STOPPED ME FROM LEAVING WITH ONE OF HIS **WEBS**! PRETTY GOOD SIGN, I THOUGHT...





MEANWHILE, REED RICHARDS' SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED...

PREEEESENTING... THE ALL-NEW, ALL-BOMBASTIC BAG-MAN!

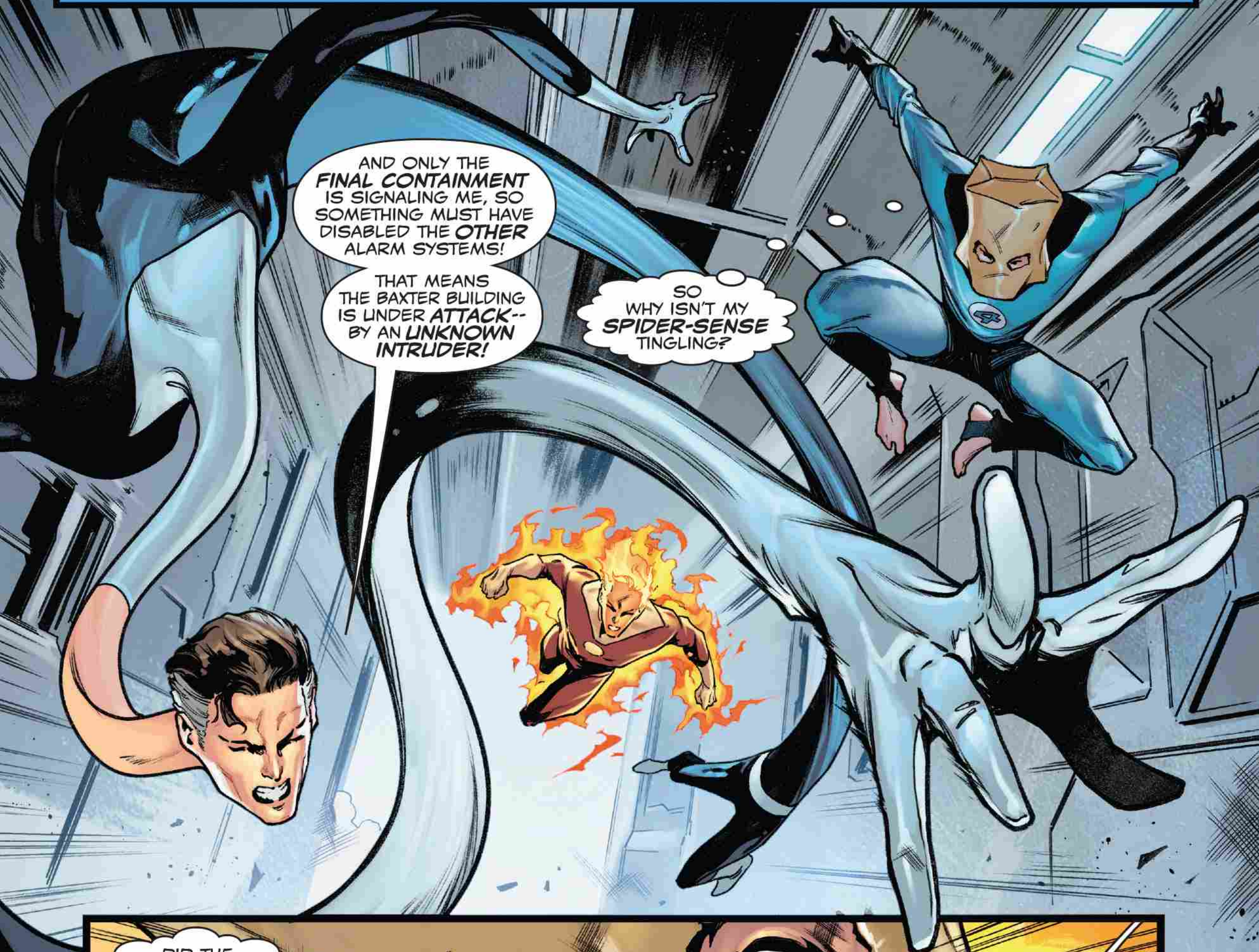
VERY FUNNY, FLAMEBRAIN! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

COULDN'T BE HELPED, WEBS! IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO DIG UP AN OLD COSTUME FOR YOU, BUT--HEH-HEH--WE'RE A LITTLE SHORT ON MASKS...



HOLD EVERYTHING!

I'M GETTING AN ALERT FROM THE LAB--SAYING THE CREATURE'S LOOSE!



AND ONLY THE FINAL CONTAINMENT IS SIGNALING ME, SO SOMETHING MUST HAVE DISABLED THE OTHER ALARM SYSTEMS!

THAT MEANS THE BAXTER BUILDING IS UNDER ATTACK--BY AN UNKNOWN INTRUDER!

SO WHY ISN'T MY SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING?



DID THE CREATURE FIND A WAY TO CIRCUMVENT IT, OR...?

OH NO...!

SPIDER?





OH DEAR.

WHAT AM I WEARING? WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

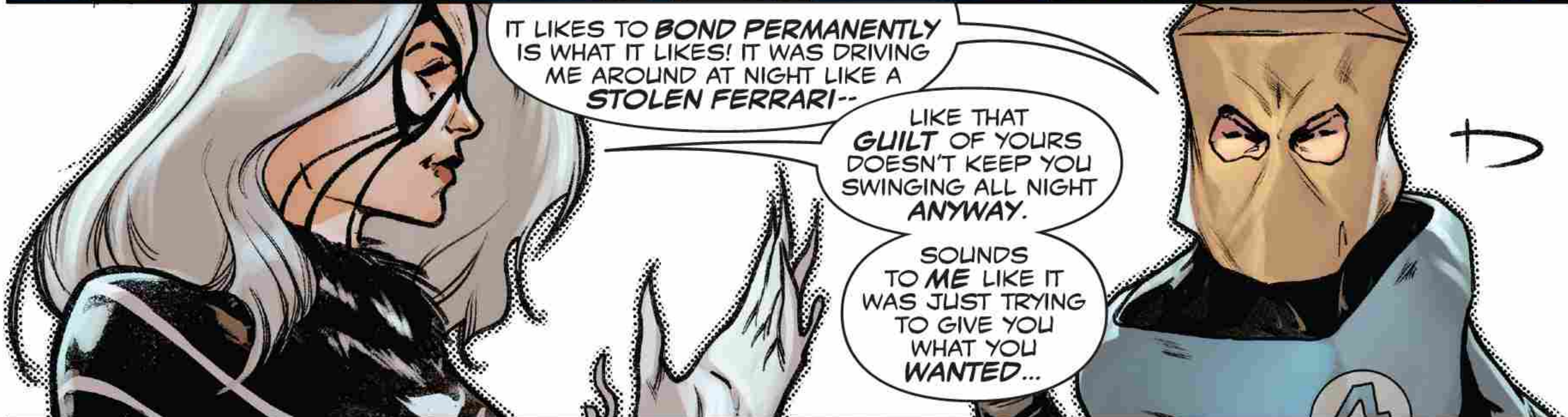
WHATEVER IT IS, IT LOOKS FABULOUS ON YOU. SERIOUSLY, NO NOTES.



IT'S THE SYMBIOTE, YOU IDIOT! IT'S GOT HOLD OF HER SOMEHOW!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU, SPIDEY. ON HER, IT ACTUALLY WORKS.

IT'S FINE, SPIDER. I THINK IT LIKES ME--



IT LIKES TO BOND PERMANENTLY IS WHAT IT LIKES! IT WAS DRIVING ME AROUND AT NIGHT LIKE A STOLEN FERRARI--

LIKE THAT GUILT OF YOURS DOESN'T KEEP YOU SWINGING ALL NIGHT ANYWAY.

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE IT WAS JUST TRYING TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANTED...



NO! IT DOESN'T WANT A FRIEND--IT WANTS A HOST!

WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTING HER, YOU GOOEY PILE OF--

SPIDER--



--BACK OFF!

AAAHH!



SEE? SEE? IT'S
ALREADY TAKING
CONTROL!

NO,
THAT WAS
ME.

YOU DON'T
GET TO JUST
POUNCE ON ME FROM
ACROSS THE ROOM,
OKAY? NOT IN A **WORK
SITUATION**. WE HAVE
BOUNDARIES.



REED--DO
SOMETHING!

I'M WORKING THROUGH A HYPOTHESIS.
JUST GIVE ME A MOMENT TO FETCH
SOMETHING FROM MY **OTHER LAB**...

YOU DO
YOUR THING,
REED--



--AND
I'LL KEEP HER
CONTAINED WITH
A **PATENTED HUMAN
TORCH FLAME
CAGE!**

LET'S
NOT AND
SAY YOU **DID**,
OKAY?

MY FRIEND
REALLY DOESN'T
LIKE FIRE...



KINDA THE POINT
OF THE **EXERCISE**,
LADY. IF YOU CAN'T TAKE
THE **HEAT**, MAYBE STAY
OUT OF THE **BAXTER
BUILDING**--

HEY,
HOW'D YOU
GET **IN HERE**,
ANYWAY?



I REPROGRAMMED
THE SECURITY.

VOICE
COMMAND: **FLAME
OFF**.





ACTUALLY, IT'S WORKING **PERFECTLY**, SPIDER-MAN--

--BECAUSE IT'S **NOT** THE SONIC WEAPON I USED EARLIER. I JUST USED THE HOUSING TO WHIP UP A PORTABLE **BRAIN CHEMISTRY SCANNER**.

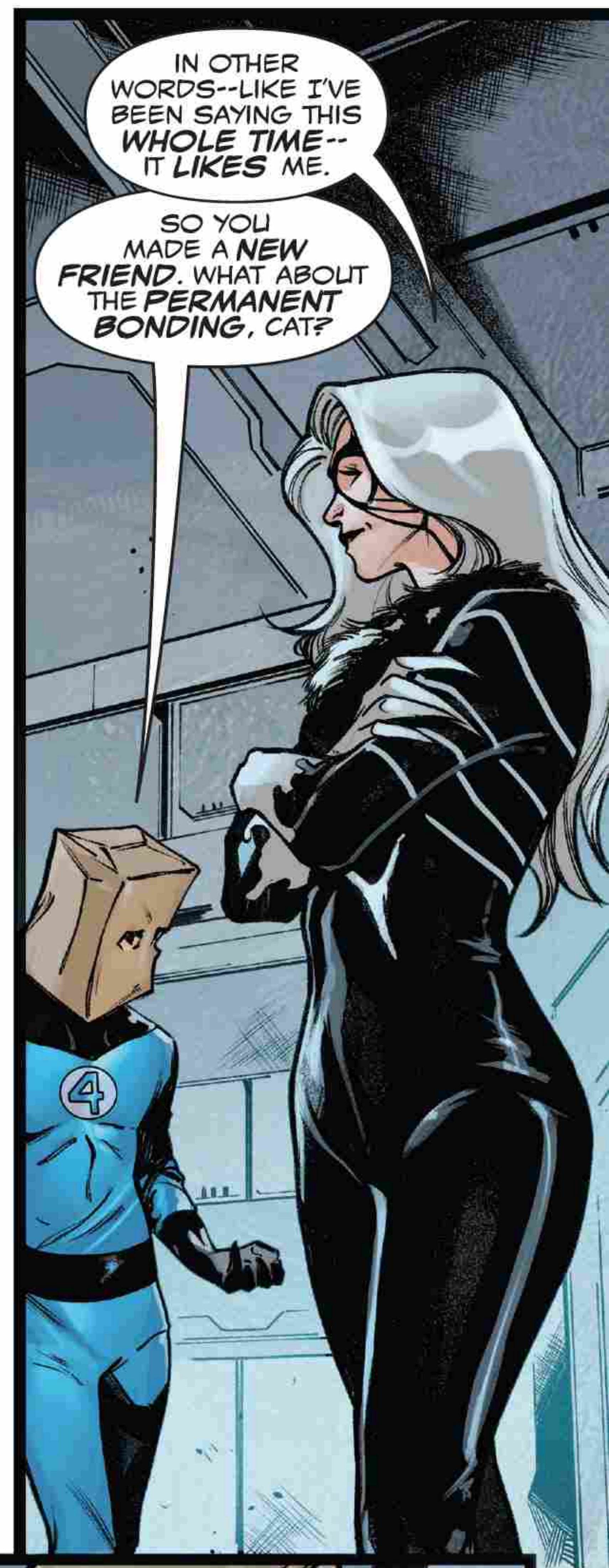
IF THE CREATURE IS **SENTIENT**, IT WILL HAVE **ALIEN EQUIVALENTS** OF OUR **DOPAMINE**, **SEROTONIN** AND WHAT HAVE YOU...



YOU'RE... MONITORING ITS **EMOTIONAL STATE**? THAT GUN'S A **MOOD RING**?

QUITE SO. AND THE "**MOOD RING**" IS SHOWING EXTREME LEVELS OF **CONTENTMENT** AND **HAPPINESS**, EVEN AFTER THAT **FIGHT**.

FAR MORE SO THAN WHEN **YOU** WERE WEARING IT, IN FACT.



IN OTHER WORDS--LIKE I'VE BEEN SAYING THIS **WHOLE TIME**--IT **LIKES** ME.

SO YOU MADE A **NEW FRIEND**. WHAT ABOUT THE **PERMANENT BONDING**, CAT?



MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT GOT SO **STRESSED** WHEN IT WAS ON YOU--BECAUSE **YOU** SEE THAT AS A PROBLEM.

THE SAME WAY YOU'RE SO **SCARED** OF A "**PERMANENT BOND**" WITH **ME**...

IT'S--IT'S NOT THAT I'M **SCARED**, CAT... I JUST...



YOU DON'T OWE **ME** EXPLANATIONS, SPIDER--BUT I CAN'T SAY THE SAME ABOUT THAT **REDHEAD**. YOU SHOULD **CALL** HER.

VOICE COMMAND: **FAST EXIT**.

VRRRR



CAT,
WAIT--THE
ALIEN--



--WAS
UNDOUBTEDLY
ONLY ACTING OUT
BECAUSE OF YOUR FEAR
OF COMMITMENT,
SPIDER-MAN.

ON SOMEONE
WILLING TO ACCEPT
IT, IT SHOULD BE
PERFECTLY SAFE.

SO YOU'RE
SAYING I CAN'T
EVEN MAINTAIN A
RELATIONSHIP WITH
A COSTUME...?

AH, IT'S THE
OLDEST STORY!
BOY MEETS GIRL,
GIRL MEETS
COSTUME...

"...GIRL IS VASTLY
BETTER AT WEB-
SLINGING THAN
BOY..."



LOOK
OUT, NEW
YORK--

--THERE'S
AN ALL-NEW
BLACK CAT
IN TOWN!



AND SHE
CAN CONTROL
THE SYMBIOTE
AS WELL AS
I CAN.

SOMEONE
TO KEEP AN
EYE ON.



...AND,
FINALLY, BOY
GETS BAG!

SHUT UP,
JOHNNY.

THE
END!

RYKER'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK CITY.
EARTH-345.

YER
DEAD MEAT,
DO YA HEAR
ME?!

THAT'S
RIGHT--YOU
KEEP WALKIN'!

YOU THINK
YER BETTER
THAN US, DON'T
YA, MEAT?!

SOME
KINDA LETHAL
PROTECTOR?!

TOO BAD
YOU AIN'T GOT
NOBODY IN HERE
PROTECTIN'
YOU...

YER A DEAD
MAN, EDDIE
BROCK!

UNLESS YOU
GROW EYES IN
THE BACK OF YOUR
HEAD, I PROMISE
YOU THIS--

EDDDIEEEE...

--YOU AIN'T
NEVER GETTING
OUT OF HERE
ALIVE!

YESSSSS...



YESSSS...
MISSED YOU,
EDDIEEE...



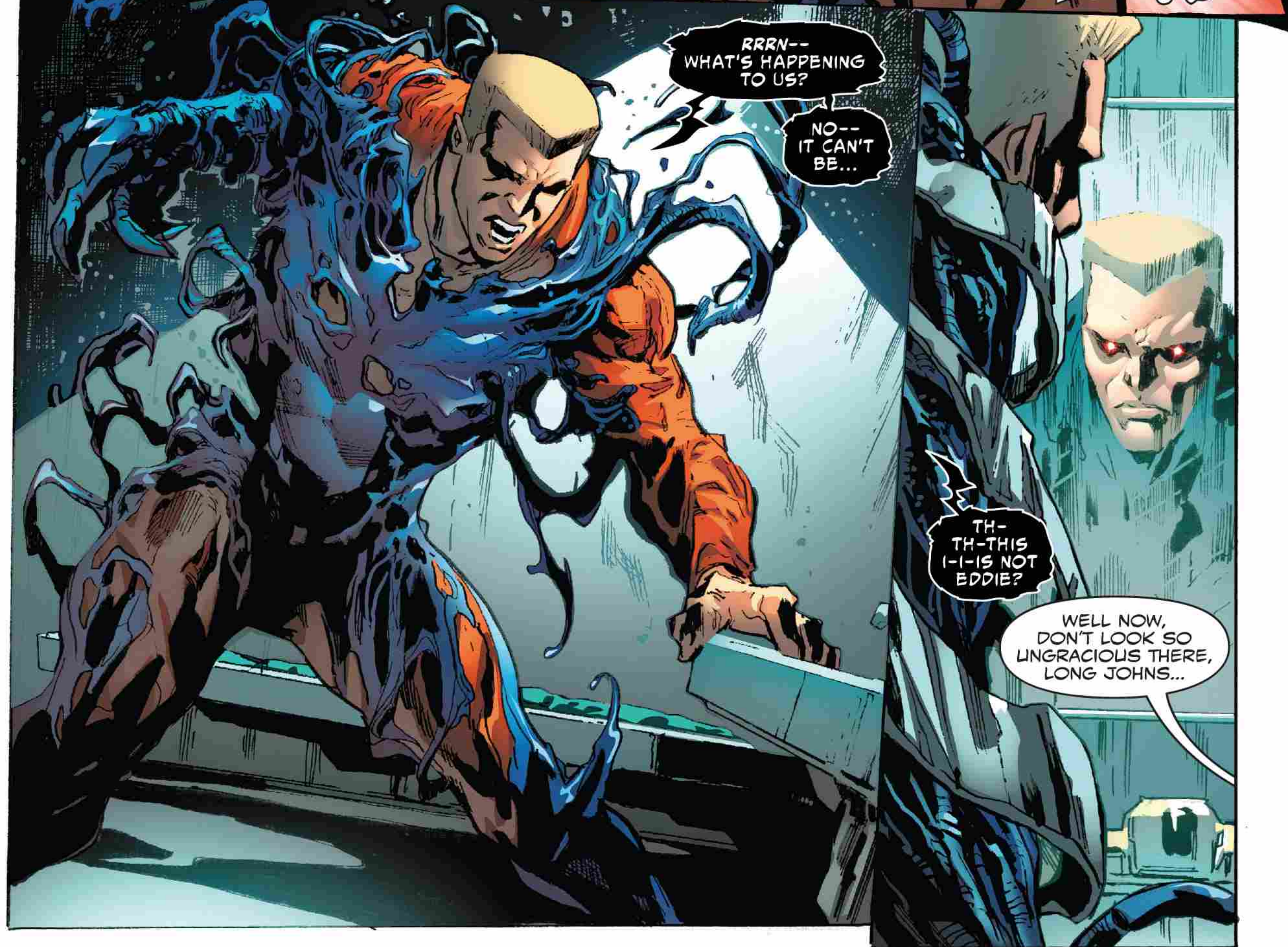
NO--
SOMETHING
IS NOT
RIGHT--!

MUST BREAK
FREE--!

KZZZRAAKT



NYARRRRGH!



RRRN--
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO US?

NO--
IT CAN'T
BE...

TH-
TH-THIS
I-I-IS NOT
EDDIE?

WELL NOW,
DON'T LOOK SO
LINGRACIOUS THERE,
LONG JOHNS...

...YOU'LL HAVE
LOTS OF TIME TO
GET ACQUAINTED WITH
YOUR NEW HOST--
A LIFE-MODEL
DECOY.

OR
SHOULD I SAY...
A LIFE-MODEL
VENOM?



CH-CHAK

CH-CHAK

CH-CHAK



THIS BODY--
IT FEELS SO
WRONG...

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE TO ME,
HUMAN--?

THE NAME'S
"DUM DUM" DUGAN,
FREAK--AND I'M THE
DEPUTY DIRECTOR
OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

WHEN WE
HEARD EDDIE
BROCK'S **SYMBIOTE**
WAS ON THE LOOSE,
WE RIGGED A TOP-OF-
THE-LINE L.M.D. TO
BRING YOU IN...

SYNTHETIC
HORMONES AND
ARTIFICIAL TISSUE,
ADAPTABLE SECURITY
HARDWARE TO
KEEP YOU
RESPECTFUL...



...AND
A **MOLECULAR
FUSION CORE**
KEYED TO MY
VOICEPRINT TO
KEEP YOU BONDED
FOR, SAY...

...THE
NEXT **THOUSAND
YEARS?**

...WHAT DID
YOU DO TO MY
OTHER?

EDDIE BROCK
MOUTHED OFF TO
THE WRONG CELLMATE...
AND CLETUS KASADY
PUT A **SHIV** BETWEEN
HIS RIBS.

E-EDDIE...

BUT YOU'RE
GONNA GET A NEW
LEASE ON LIFE--
IN THE CUSTODY
OF THE **LIFE
FOUNDATION**.



HRRR...I SEE.
THIS LOATHSOME
MACHINE IS
INDEED QUITE
ADVANCED...

...ESPECIALLY
ON THE
INSIDE.

SAFETY PROTOCOLS
DISENGAGED.

NO...

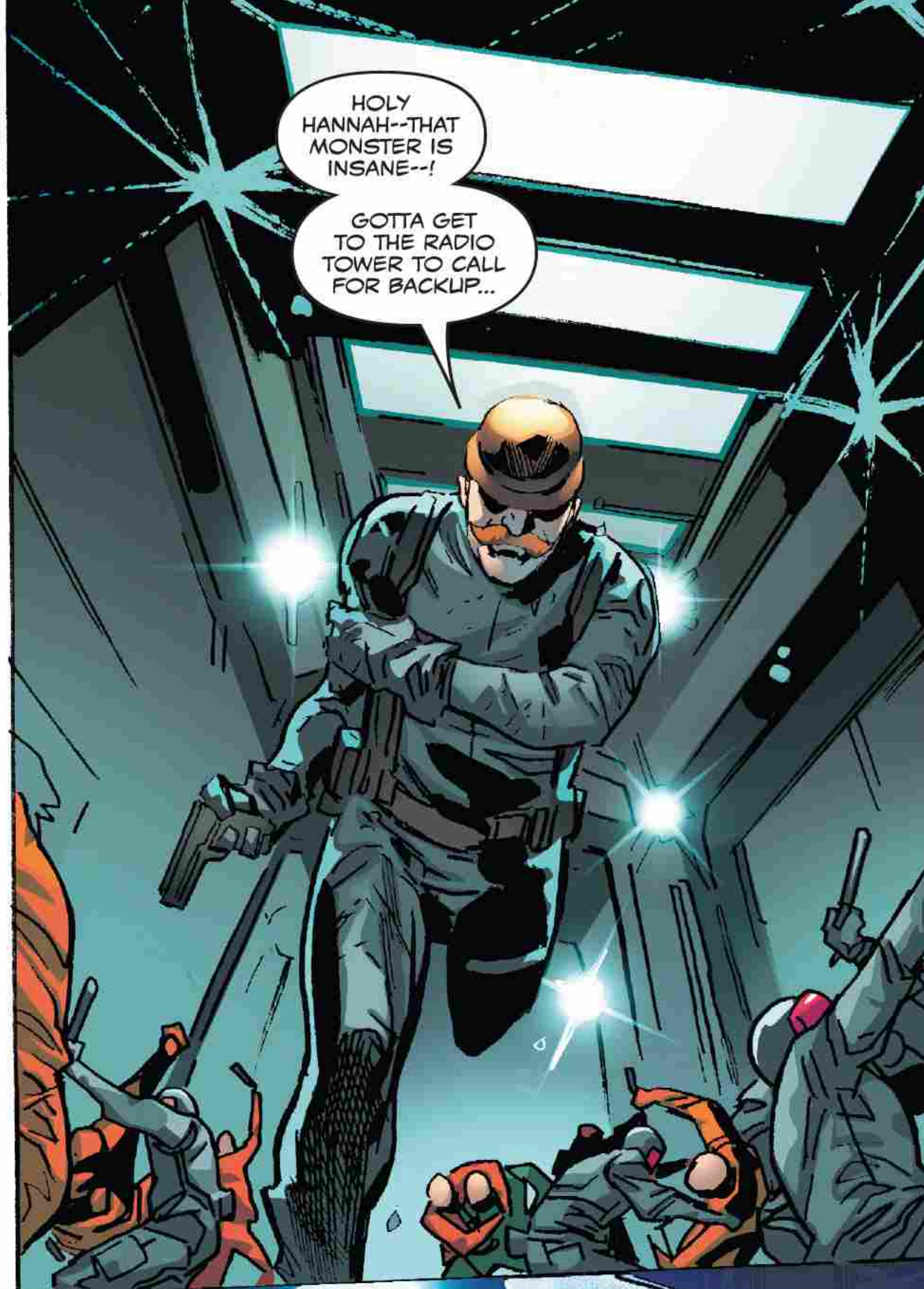
OH
YES...



ZHRIPP

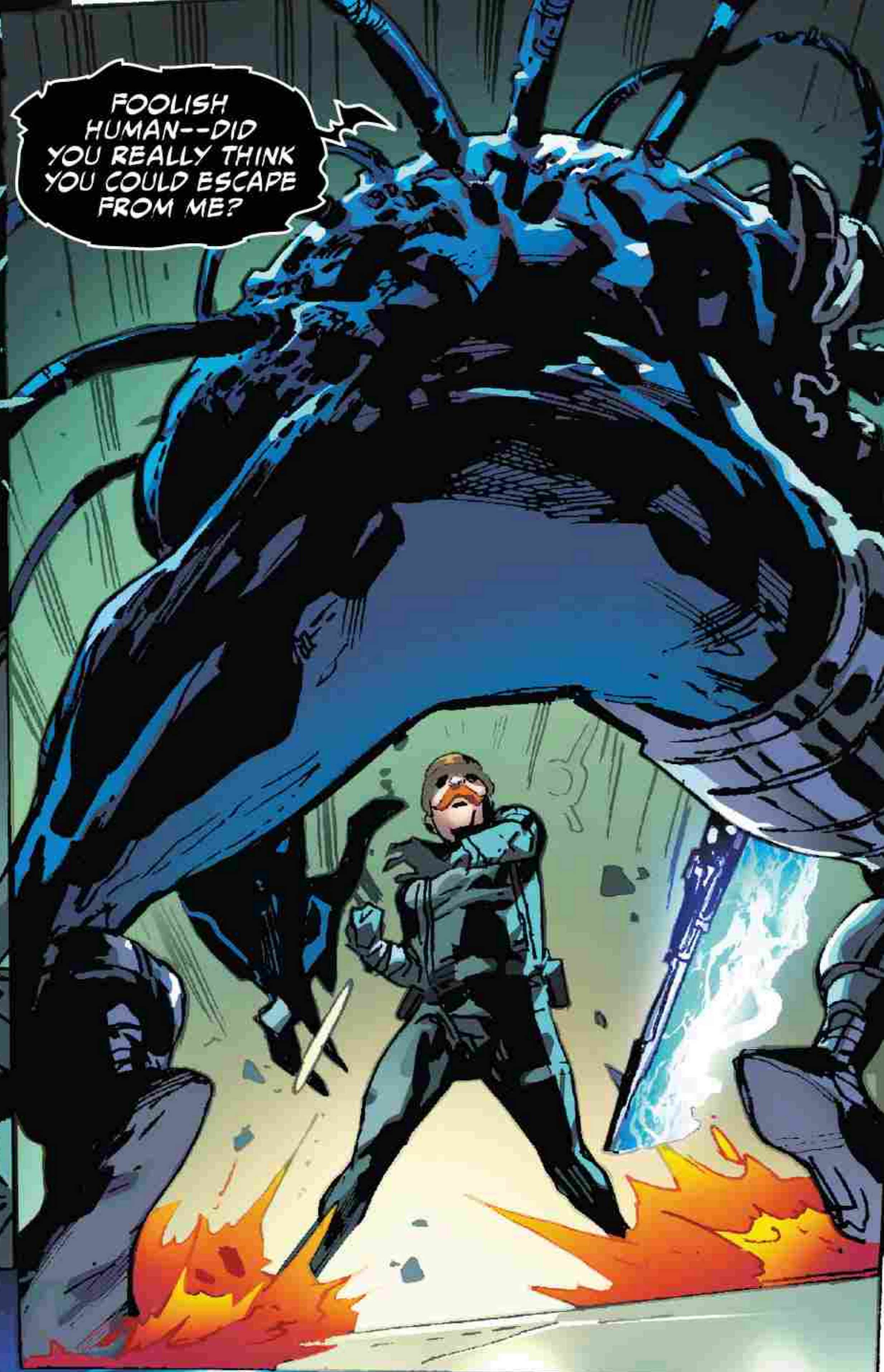
NOW YOU
UNDERSTAND--
YOU MAY THINK
YOU HAVE US
OUTNUMBERED...





HOLY HANNAH--THAT MONSTER IS INSANE--!

GOTTA GET TO THE RADIO TOWER TO CALL FOR BACKUP...



FOOLISH HUMAN--DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE FROM ME?



RELEASE ME. GIVE ME THE VOICEPRINT, AND PERHAPS I'LL LET YOU LIVE.

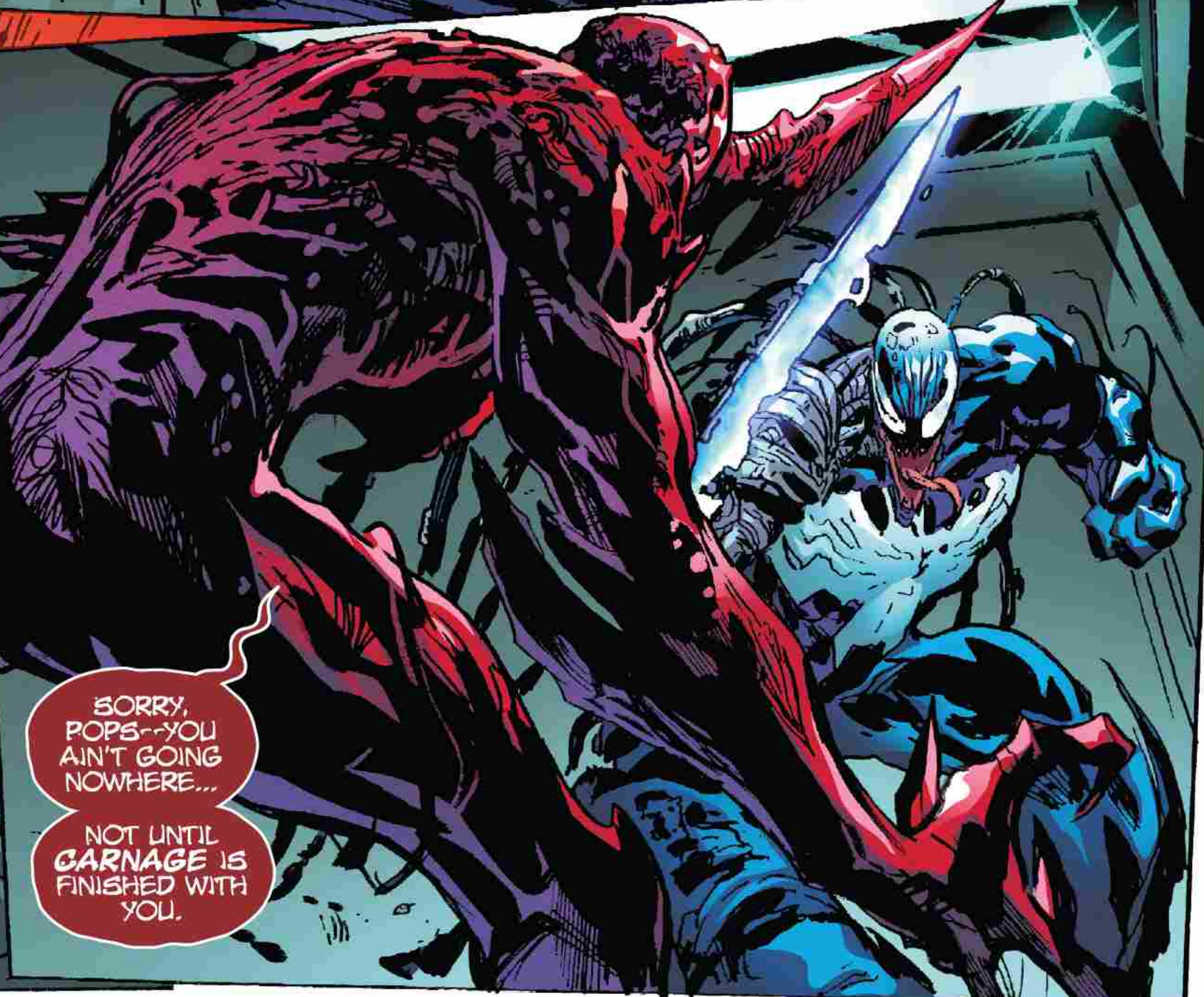
BUT TEST MY PATIENCE FURTHER, AND WE'LL START NEGOTIATING PIECE BY PIECE!



GUH--!

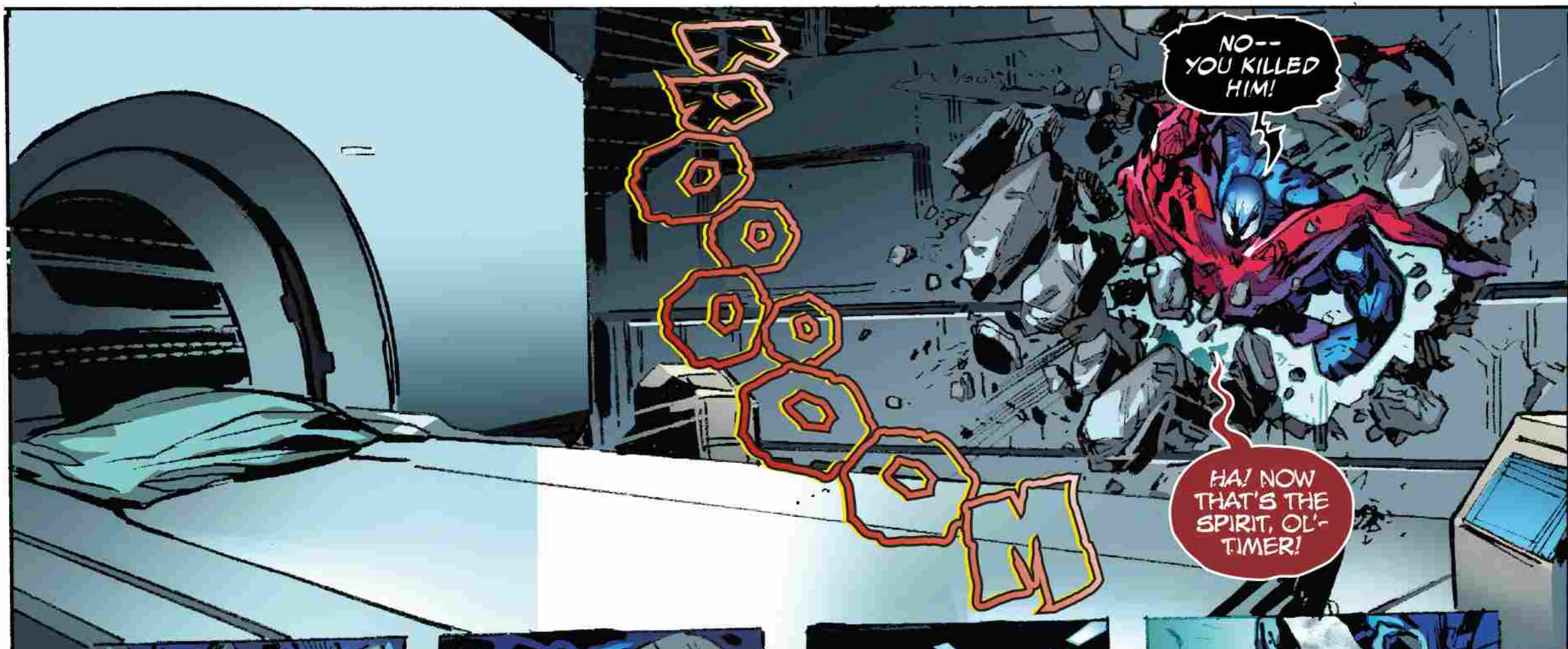
SPLUTCH

NO--!



SORRY, POPS--YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE...

NOT UNTIL GARNAGE IS FINISHED WITH YOU.



RRNN--
CAN'T GET
FREE--!

HOW 'BOUT
THAT, TIN MAN?
TURNS OUT YOUR
L.M.D. CAN'T
HANDLE A SIMPLE
M.R.I.!

BUT NOT
ME, PAL--'CAUS
GARNAGE THRIVES
PURELY ON RED
MEAT!

OOH, THOSE
S.H.I.E.L.D. BOYS
DIDN'T SKIMP ON THE
NEURAL FEEDBACK,
HUH?!

YOU'RE
PROBABLY FEELIN'
EVERY LAST BIT
OF THIS, AIN'T
YA?!

IF SO,
THAT'S REAL
GOOD...

...'CAUSE ACROSS
THE MULTIVERSE,
THE ONLY CONSTANT
IS PAIN...

SHNKT
ARRGH--!

SHRIP

SLSSSH

...AND I'D HATE
FOR YOU TO MISS
OUT ON THE HUMAN
EXPERIENCE!

SHING



OH,
DADDY-O...

YOU REALLY
ARE PATHETIC,
AREN'T YOU?

JUST LOOK
AT YOU--YOU'VE
LOST YOUR
HOST...

LOST YOUR
PURPOSE...

AND NOW--
YOU HAVEN'T
JUST LOST YOUR
FREEDOM...

...YOU'RE
ABOUT TO LOSE
YOUR LIFE.

NNF--
MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT...

BUT
I'VE STILL
GOT A SONIC
CANNON.

NO--!

THOOOOOM

STAY SHARP,
EVERYONE--WE'RE
NOT FAR BEHIND WHATEVER
IS TEARING THROUGH
REALITIES KILLING
VENOMS...

...BUT WE
NEED TO SAVE
AS MANY OF THEM
AS WE CAN.

WAIT--BOYS,
I THINK I'VE
FOUND HIM!

CAN YOU HEAR
ME? MY NAME'S
ANNE WEYING--I'M
HERE TO FREE
YOU FROM THIS
PRISON.

TH-THIS
"PRISON"--
SKART...

N-NO--
Y-Y-YOU
DON'T--VAAA--
UNDERSTAND-D...

I AM TH-THE
PRISON...

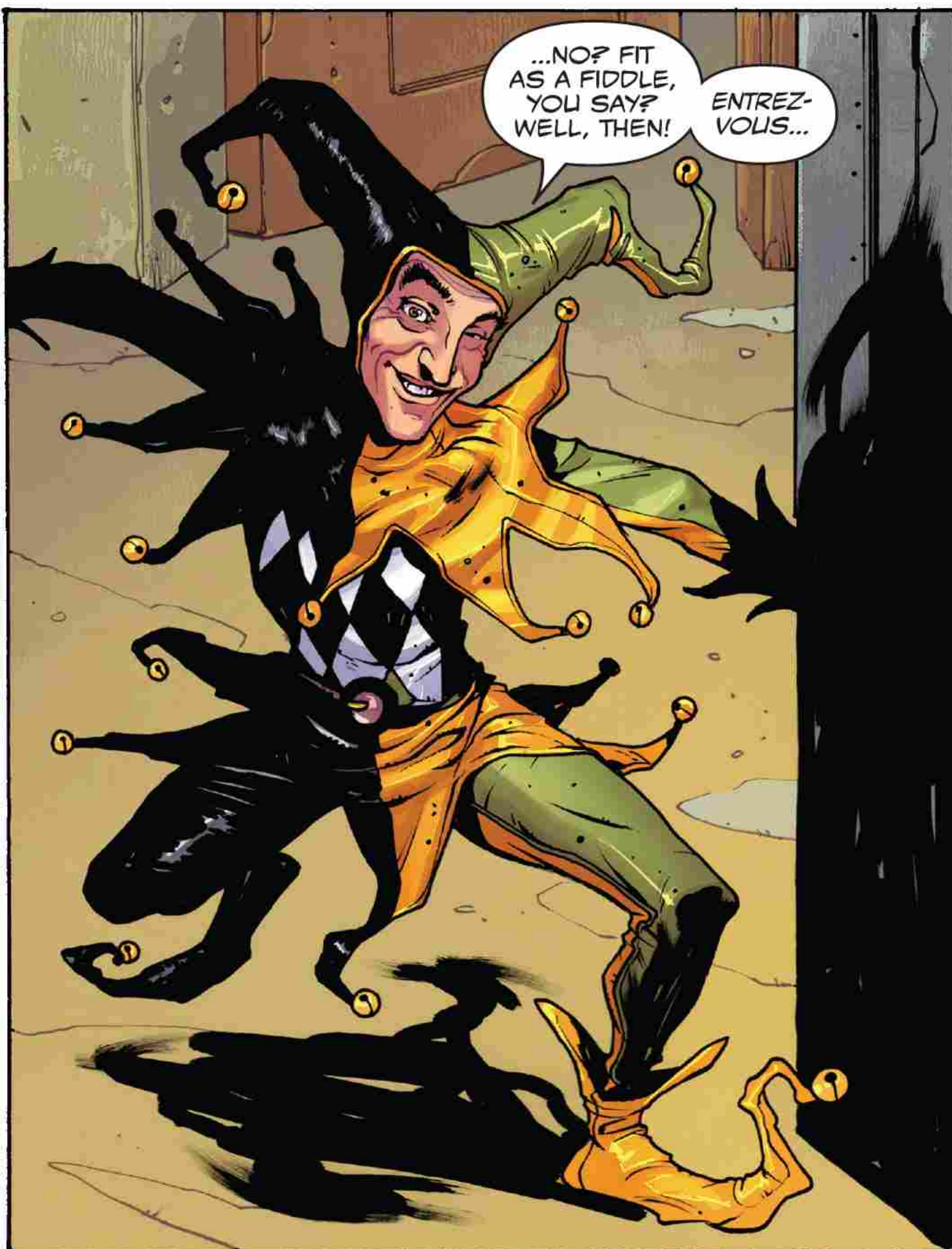
AND I'VE
ALREADY BEEN
GIVEN A LIFE
SENTENCE.

THE L.M.V. IN...
"THE PRISONER"

Earth-311.

WORD OF THE **RED DEATH** HAS CREPT INTO OUR KINGDOM.

NO PESTILENCE HAS EVER BEEN SO FATAL, SO HIDEOUS, AS THIS SCARLET MONSTER...





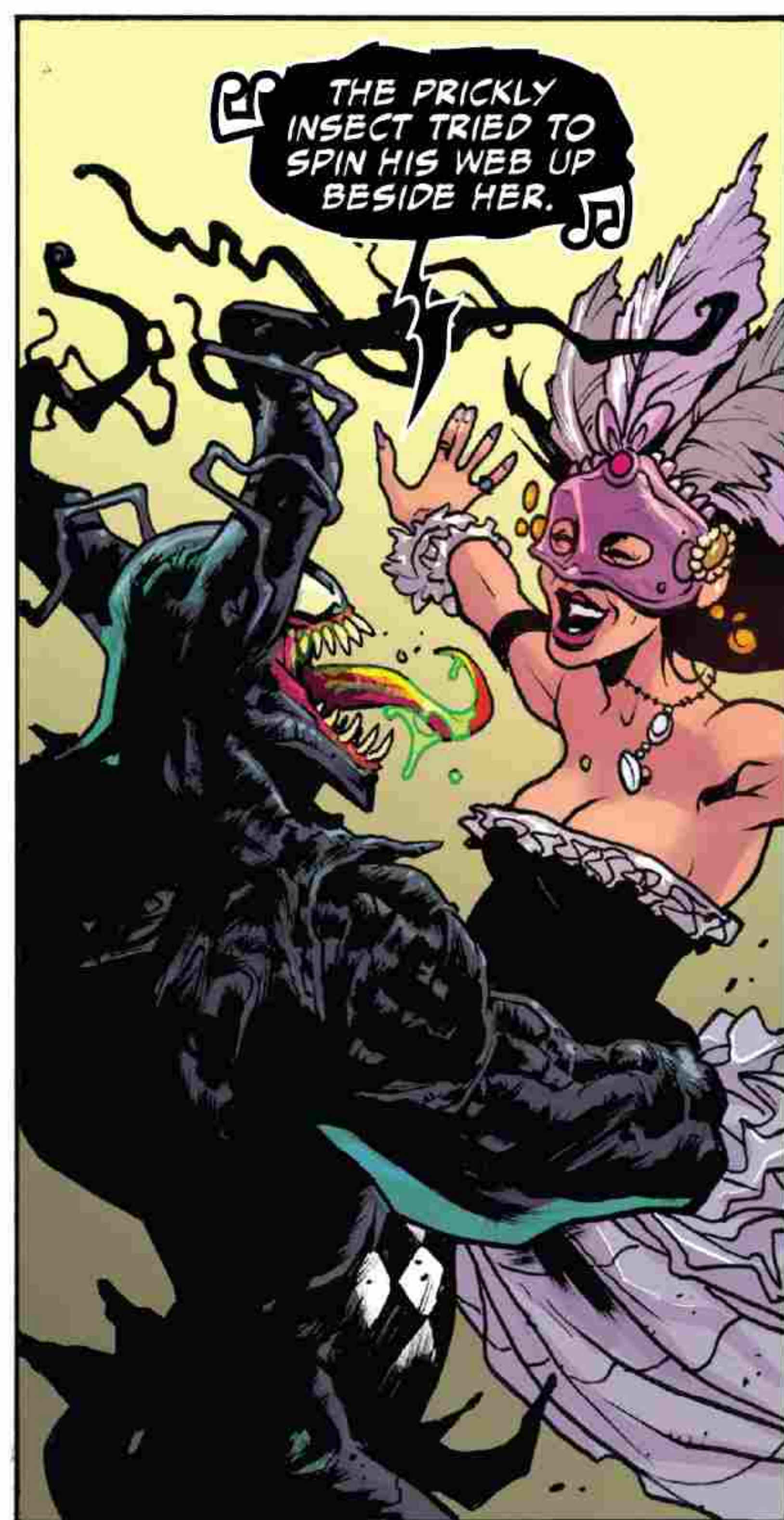
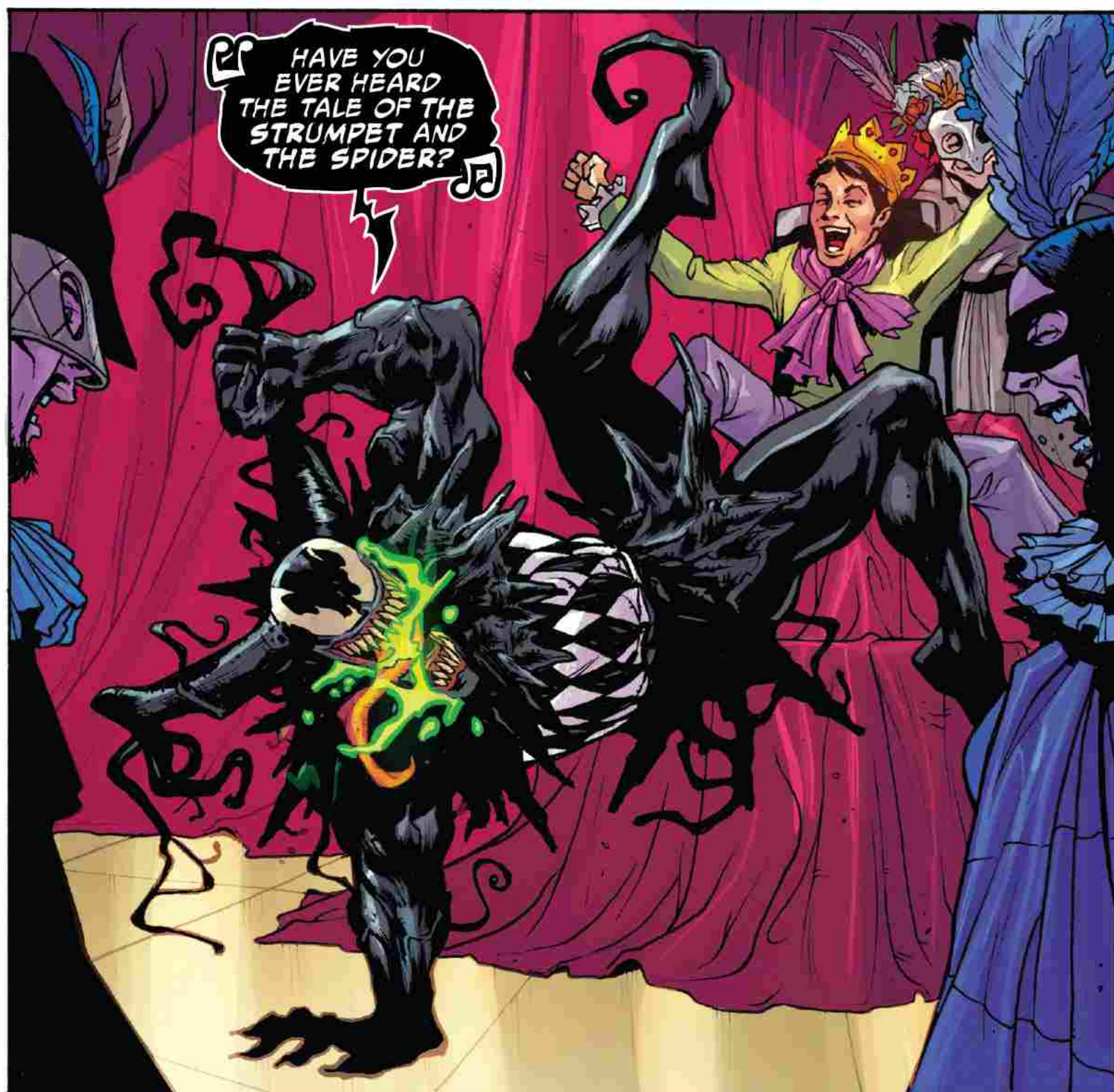


...LAUGH!

WHERE WOULD WE BE *WITHOUT* YOU, MY DEAR SKELTON? THESE LAST FEW MONTHS WOULD HAVE BEEN DREARY INDEED WITHOUT YOU *LIVENING* US UP...

REJOICE, EVERYONE! *LAUGH! SING! DRINK!* I HAVE PROVIDED ALL THE APPLIANCES OF PLEASURE! WE HAVE BLUFFOONS! WE HAVE MUSIC! AND WE HAVE...

...MUCH, MUCH MORE WINE TO IMBIBE!





I AM
QUITE OFFENDED,
FRANKLY.

I HAVE BEEN
SEARCHING HIGH
AND LOW FOR SIR
FUNNY BONES HERE.
THE REST OF
YOU ALL ARE
SIMPLY...

...COLLATERAL
DAMAGE.

WHO
DARES?!

WHO DARES
INSULT US WITH
THIS BLASPHEMOUS
MOCKERY?

SEIZE
HIM!

UNMASK
HIM--THAT WE
MAY KNOW WHOM
WE HAVE TO HANG
AT SUNRISE!







ISN'T IT
IRONIC? ALL
THESE FOLKS,
AFRAID OF THE
RED DEATH...



...WHEN THE
BLACK DEATH
HAS BEEN HIDING IN
PLAIN SIGHT RIGHT
ALONGSIDE
THEM?

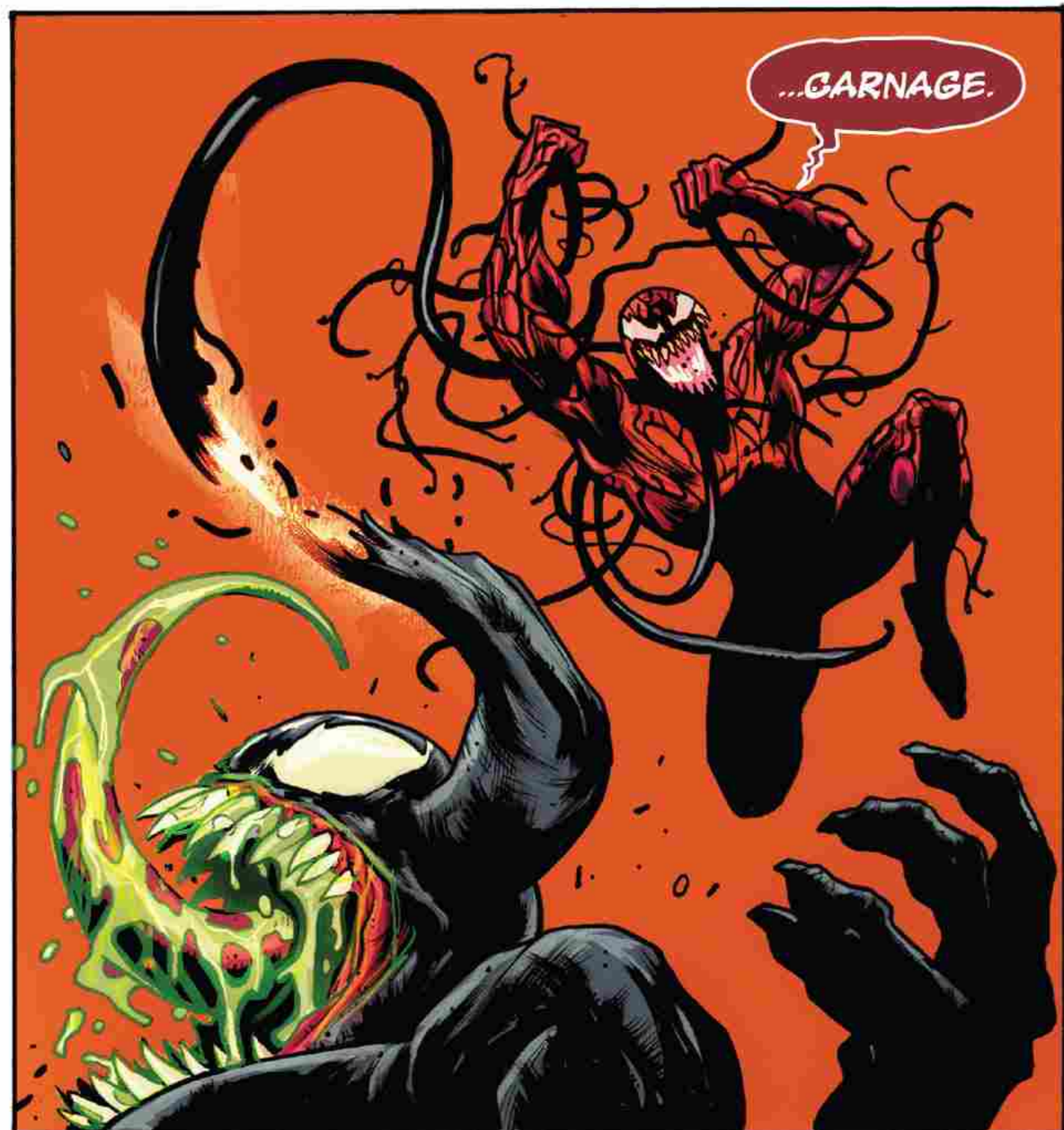


YOU ARE
THE PLAGUE
THAT HAS LAID
WASTE TO OUR
POPULACE!



WHAT KIND
OF CONTAGION
ARE YOU?

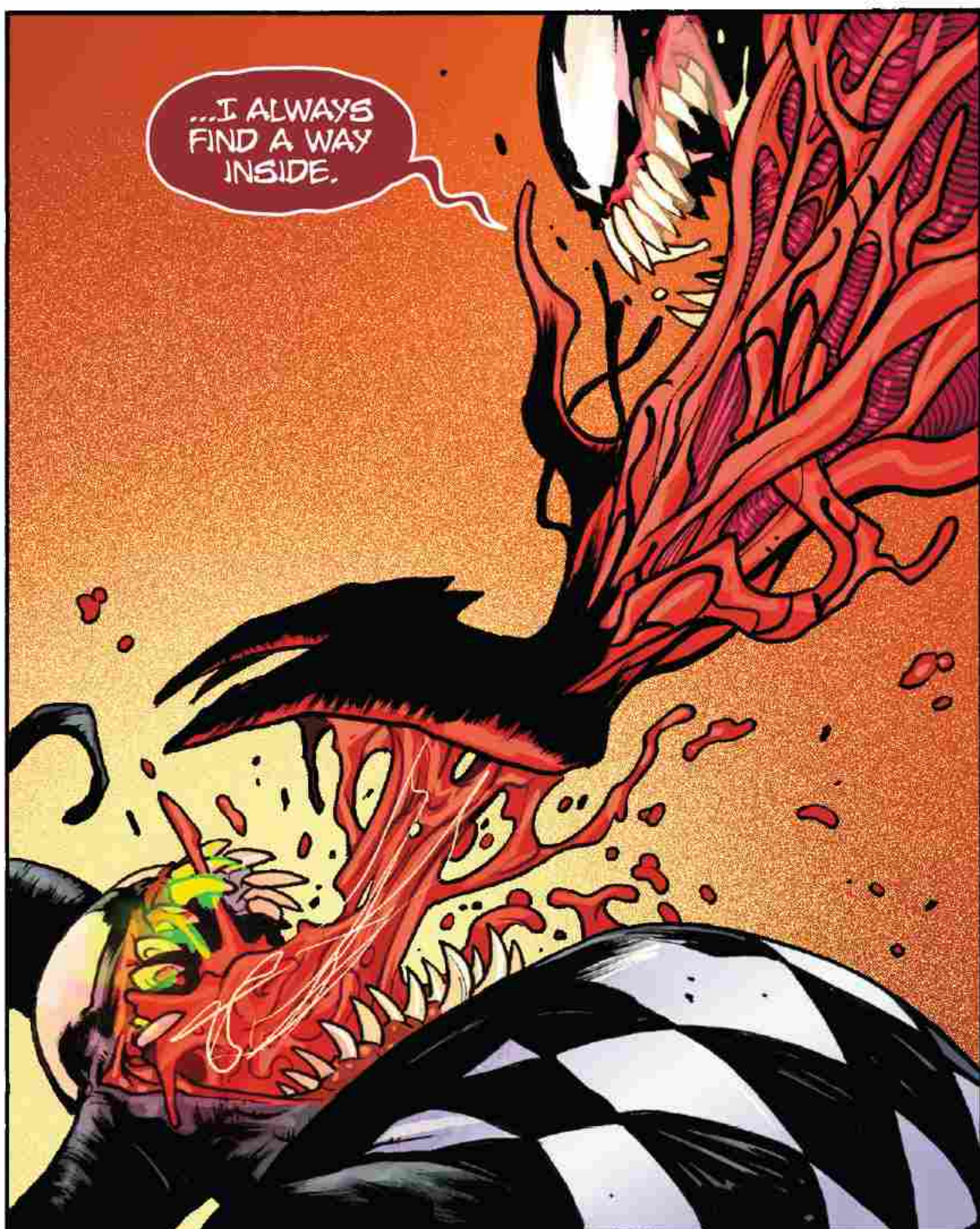
NOT A
CONTAGION...
NOT A PLAGUE... I
AM BUT A WEE BIT
OF GOOD OL'
FASHIONED...



...GARNAGE.



FUNNY THING ABOUT THE RED DEATH... NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU BUTTRESS YOURSELF UP... NO MATTER WHERE YOU HIDE...



...I ALWAYS FIND A WAY INSIDE.



LET US SEE IF YOU CAN HACK IT.



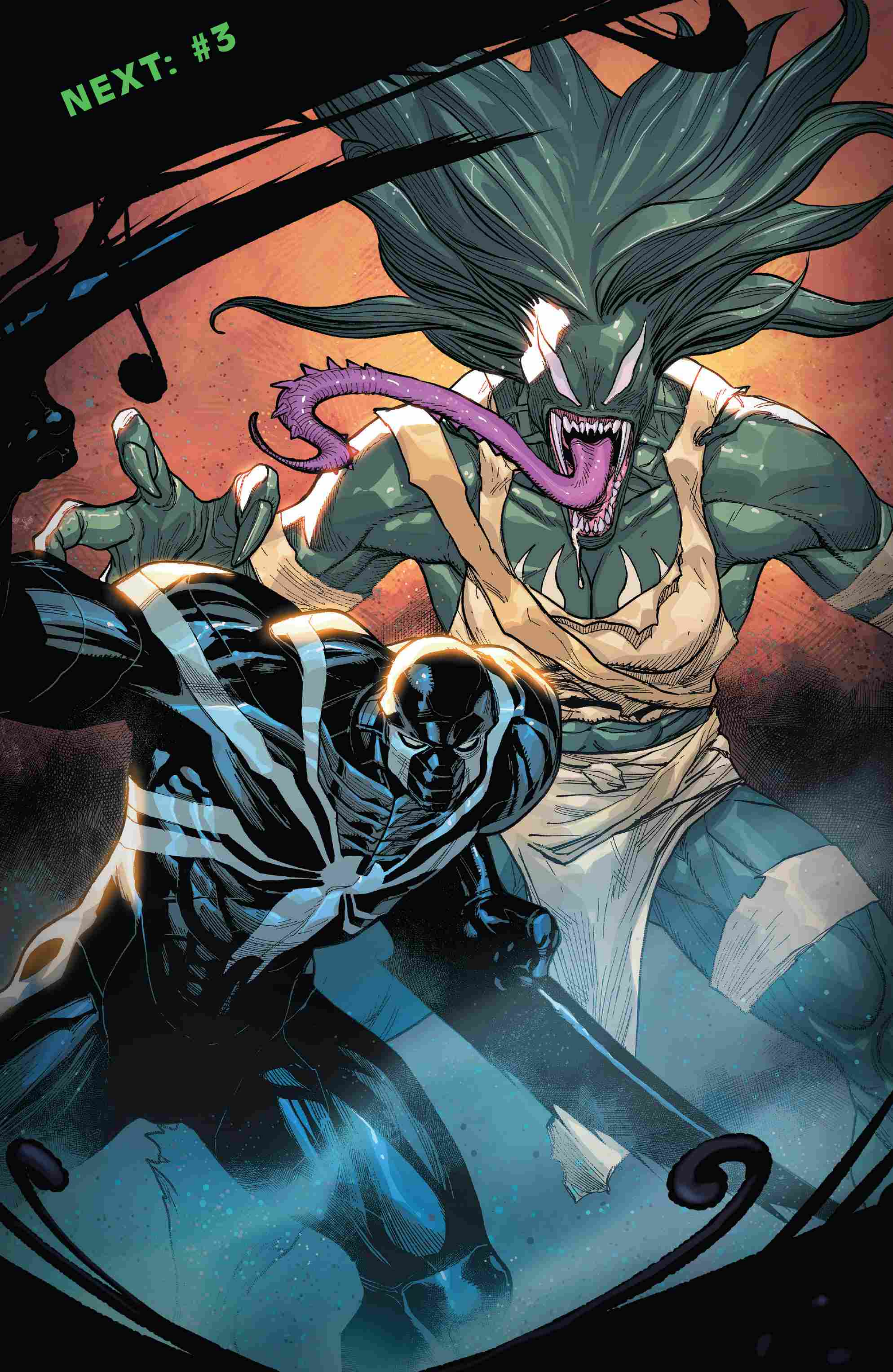
LOOK AT YOU ALL! AM I THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO FINDS THIS FUNNY?

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

DARKNESS
AND CARNAGE
AND THE RED DEATH
HOLD ILLIMITABLE
DOMINION OVER
ALL!

End.

NEXT: #3





ZONE